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THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

PARIS : PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

Thomas Moore

THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE,

COMPREHENDING

ALL HIS MELODIES, BALLADS, ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC.

VOL. IV.



PARIS :

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,

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IRISH MELODIES.

VOL. IV.

I



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

POWER takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequent as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the Country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the

arrangement of the *Airs* ; and the lovers of simple National Music may rest secure that, in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical part, *POWER* has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from *Mr. MOORE*, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to *Sir JOHN STEVENSON* on the subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this kind
“ should be undertaken. We have too long
“ neglected the only talent for which our Eng-
“ lish Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any
“ credit. Our National Music has never been
“ properly collected ;* and, while the composers
“ of the Continent have enriched their Operas
“ and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ire-

* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the Public are indebted to *Mr. BUNTING* for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of *Miss OWENSON* has been employed upon some of our finest *Airs*.

“ land—very often without even the honesty of
“ acknowledgment—we have left these treasures
“ in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus
“ our Airs, like too many of our Countrymen, for
“ want of protection at home, have passed into the
“ service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope,
“ to a better period both of Politics and Music ;
“ and how much they are connected, in Ireland
“ at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sor-
“ row and depression which characterizes most of
“ our early Songs.—The task which you propose to
“ me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no
“ means easy. The Poet, who would follow the
“ various sentiments which they express, must feel
“ and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits,
“ that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity,
“ which composes the character of my country-
“ men, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even
“ in their liveliest strains we find some melan-
“ choly note intrude—some minor Third or flat
“ Seventh—which throws its shade as it passes,
“ and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS
“ had been an Irishman (and I would willingly
“ give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him), his

“ heart would have been proud of such music,
“ and his genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another difficulty (which is, however, purely
“ mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of
“ many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre
“ which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt
“ to them. In these instances the Poet must write
“ not to the eye but to the ear; and must be con-
“ tent to have his verses of that description which
“ CICERO mentions, ‘ *Quos si cantu spoliaveris,*
“ *nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air,
“ ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all
“ the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des*
“ *Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental
“ rakes, which it will not be very easy to tie down
“ in sober wedlock with Poetry. However, not-
“ withstanding all these difficulties, and the very
“ little talent which I can bring to surmount
“ them, the design appears to me so truly Na-
“ tional, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving
“ it all the assistance in my power.

“ *Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”

NUMBER I.

IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. I.  
~~~~~

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

—
Air.—*Maid of the Valley.*
—

I.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee

Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

II.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh ! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee—
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them—
Oh ! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh ! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh ! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh ! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN
THE BRAVE.*

AIR.—*Molly Macalpin.*

I.

REMEMBER the glories of BRIEN the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er ;

* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

Though lost to MONONIA* and cold in the grave,
 He returns to KINKORA† no more !
 That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet !

II.

MONONIA ! when nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of Slavery there ?
 No, Freedom ! whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains !

III.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood §
 In the day of distress by our side ;

* Munster.

† The palace of Brien.

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that

While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died !
 The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon OSSORY's plain !—
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain !

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
 THINE EYES.

AIR.—*Aileen Aroon.*

I.

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise !

they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“ *Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*” “Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops :—never was such another sight exhibited.”—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book 12, Chap. 1.

II.

ERIN ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
ERIN ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace !

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Air.—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR.—*The Fox's Sleep.*

I.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love—
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
HALLS.

AIR.—*Gramachree.*

I.

THE harp that once through TARA's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more !

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of TARA swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives !

FLY NOT YET.

AIR.—*Planxty Kelly.*

I.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,

And maids who love the moon!

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay—Oh! stay.—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain

Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain

To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through AMMON's shade,*

* Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near :
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh ! stay—Oh ! stay.—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here !

OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT.

AIR.—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

I.

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now ;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
mind!
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
• Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl—while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sun-shine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moon-light of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH
SORROW I SEE.

AIR.—*Coulin.*

I.

THOUGH the last glimpse of ERIN with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem ERIN to me ;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my COULIN, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

 AIR.—*The Summer is coming.*

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
 But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, Vol. 1, Book 10.

II.

“ Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
“ So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
“ Are ERIN’s sons so good or so cold,
“ As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? ”

III.

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
“ No son of ERIN will offer me harm—
“ For though they love woman and golden store,
“ Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more ! ”

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon ERIN’s honour and ERIN’s pride !

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS
MAY GLOW.

AIR.—*The Young Man's Dream.*

I.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

 AIR.—*The Old Head of Denis.*

I.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet; †
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yet, it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

IV.

Sweet vale of AVOCA ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
 should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !



NUMBER II.

IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. II.  
~~~~~

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

~~~~~  
AIR.—*The Brown Thorn.*  
~~~~~

ST. SENANUS.*

“ OH ! haste and leave this sacred isle,

“ Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer :

*Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?*

" For on thy deck, though dark it be.
 " A female form I see ;
 " And I have sworn this sainted sod
 " Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod ! "

THE LADY.

" Oh ! Father, send not hence my bark
 " Through wintry winds and billows dark
 " I come with humble heart to share
 " Thy morn and evening prayer ;
 " Nor mine the feet, oh ! holy Saint,
 " The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer SENANUS spurn'd ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

*Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this metamorphose indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR.—*The Twisting of the Rope.*

I.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest !

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Written on returning a Blank Book.

AIR.—*Dermott.*

I.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;

Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require ;
But oh ! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

II.

Yet let me keep the book ;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you !
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there !

III.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet ;

Thoughts that not burn, but shine
Pure, calm, and sweet !

IV.

And, as the records are,
Which wandering seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through the cold deep—
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way !

THE LEGACY.

AIR.—*Unknown.*

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue ; while it linger'd here ;

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.*
Then if some bard, who roams, forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;
Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest !
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,

* " In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—O'HALLORAN.

Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR.—*The Dear Black Maid.*

I.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwined by Love !
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth !
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth !
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

II.

We're fallen upon gloomy days,*
Star after star decays,

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights—
Thou, of the hundred fights! *
Thou, on whose burning tongue †
Truth, peace and freedom hung!
Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall ERIN's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

* This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Grive, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland." Page 433. "Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

† Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

AIR.—*Garyone.*

I.

WE may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west ;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

IN ENGLAND, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.

Oh ! they want the wild sweet briery fence,
Which round the flowers of ERIN dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms as least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home .

III.

In FRANCE, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye !
While the daughters of ERIN keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR.—*Unknown.*

I.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon EVELEEN's fame.

II.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to EVELEEN's door.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair EVELEEN's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD..

AIR.—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET ERIN remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When MALACHI wore the collar of gold,*
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ;—†

* " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

† " Military orders of knights were very early established in

Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On LOUGH NEAGH's bank as the fisherman strays,*
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining !
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover !

Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier."—O'HALLORAN's *Introduction*, etc. part i. chap. 5.

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.*—*Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. c. 9.*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

AIR.—*Arrah my dear Eveleen.*

I.

SILENT, oh MOYLE ! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While murmuring mournfully, LIR's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

II.

Sadly, oh MOYLE ! to thy winter wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away ;

* To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once ; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Yet still in her darkness doth ERIN lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay !
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love ?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR.—*We brought the Summer with us.*

I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

ARR.—*The Black Joke.*

I.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of ERIN forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of SPAIN!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,

If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain—
Then, ye men of IBERIA ! our cause is the same ;
And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of ERIN and Olive of SPAIN !

III.

Ye BLAKES and O'DONNELS, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in
vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in ERIN, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even ALBION, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of ERIN and Olive of SPAIN !

IV.

God prosper the cause !—oh ! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain ;
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die !
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,

The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of ERIN and Olives of SPAIN.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR.—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away !
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still !

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear !

Oh ! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose !

NUMBER III.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting the Third Number of this Work to the Public, POWER begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. MOORE, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

POWER respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country—a Work, which,

from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the arguments of wise, but uninteresting, politicians.

LETTER

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and

Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible ; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “ wring her into undutifulness.”*

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively

* A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

temperament, to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland, under Montrose" (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6, p. 49; and, for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. 7, p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile,* mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may

* The associations of the Hindû Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) “they were able to recal the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months,” etc.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3, on the Musical Modes of the Hindûs. What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs:—“Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d’un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.”—*Réflex. sur la Peinture*, etc. tom. 1, sect. 45.

look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, “decantare loca dolentia.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion * that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and, though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries,† etc.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love

* Dissertation, prefixed to the second volume of his *Scottish Ballads*.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker’s work upon the *Irish Bards*. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;* that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks; † or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland. §

By some of these archæologists, it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point; ** and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise,

* See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gælic Society of Dublin.

† O'Halloran, vol. 1, part 1, chap. 6.

§ Id. ib. chap. 7.

** It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (*Preludes de PHarmonic*, quest. 7), that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, *Observations on Florid Song*, chap. 1, sec. 16), there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

upon the beauties of our national minstrelsey. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;* yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in

* The words *ποικιλια* and *επιεμφανια*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in Fragment. lib. 2, de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily.—(Examen d'un passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of *Histoire de l'Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect, in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle, *Περὶ Κόσμου*—*Μουσική δὲ οὕτως ἀμα καὶ βαρὺς κ. τ. λ.*

which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting*) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp† were en-

* Another lawless peculiarity of our Music, is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

† A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs.—“The Irish (says he), according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of Harps, ‘*Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,*’ the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.”—How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—“*Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis,*

larged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present ; and, while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,* our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements ; and, though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani, and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed,

quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam."—Hist. Anglic. Script. pag. 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

* The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint Stealer." I suppose it was an Irishman, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part 1, page 25.

called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,* and the chief corruptions, of which we have to complain, arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, “auri per ramos *aura* refulget,”† the pure gold of

* Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called “Mamma, Mamma,” and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, etc. which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D’Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Préliminaire de l’Encyclopédie*. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work, which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

† Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204.

the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsey as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen

musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet, it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticisms, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,* and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—

* See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, etc. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin *) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!†)—to such men I shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be

* “Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur.”—Lib. 1, Confess. chap. 16.

† This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (*τραπίζοντας*) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* lib. 1.

avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but, that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many, whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness

of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies ; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music ; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured * and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself ; and,

* The word "chromatic" might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from

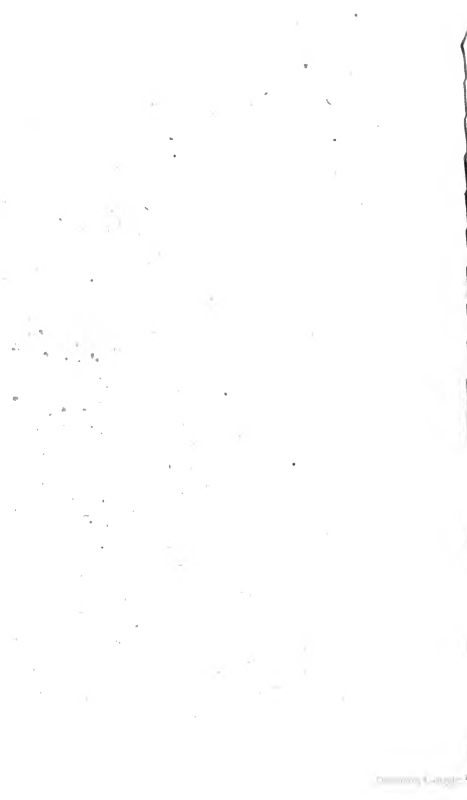
your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's

Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Dublin, January, 1810.



IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. III.  
~~~~~

ERIN ! OH ERIN !

~~~~~  
AIR.—*Thamama Halla.*  
~~~~~

I.

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in KILDARE's holy fane,*
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm !

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, foveant et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mi-abil. Hibern. Dis. 2, c. 34.*

ERIN! oh ERIN! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And, though Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath
hung,
The full moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
ERIN! oh ERIN! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through Winter's cold hour,
Till Spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.*
ERIN! oh ERIN! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at
last.

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER.

AIR.—*Heigh oh ! my Jackey.*

I.

DRINK to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh ;
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone ;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then, here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy !

II.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd, " he who could."

With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do :
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through !
So here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy !

III.

The Love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh ! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere ;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here !
Then drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy !

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

 AIR.—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

I.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,†

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—Lloyd's *State Worthies*, Art. The Lord Grandison

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart !

II.

But alas ! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend ;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray ;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their
sires ;
And the torch, that would light them through dig-
nity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country
expires !

III.

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream, }
He should try to forget what he never can heal ;
Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how
he'll feel !
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,

While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of HARMODIUS, should cover his
 sword.*

IV.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved ERIN ! shall live in his songs ;
 Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs !
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep !

 WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

 AIR.—Oonagh.

I.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turn'd,

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, too far,
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came ; *
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way !

II.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.

* “ Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together.”—WHISTON'S THEORY, etc.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens*.

I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 " The moon looks
 " On many brooks,
 " The brook can see no moon but this ; *
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
 One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

AIR.—*Kitty of Coleraine ; or, Paddy's Resource.*

I.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young KITTY, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works : " The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

For the youth, whom she treasured her heart and her
soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon ;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon !

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—
“ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,
“ For which the soul's innocence too often dies !”

III.

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease
was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost—

“ Ah! this means,” said the girl (and she sigh’d at its meaning),

“ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost ! ”

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR.—*The Fairy Queen.*

I.

By the hope, within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow’s strife ;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh ! remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave ;
’Midst the dew-fall of a nation’s tears !
Happy is he, o’er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years :—
But oh ! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on Victory’s breast !

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers

Now the foeman's cheek turns white,

When his heart that field remembers,

Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

Never let him bind again

A chain, like that we broke from then.

Hark! the horn of combat calls—

Ere the golden evening falls,

May we pledge that horn in triumph round! *

Many a heart, that now beats high,

In slumber cold at night shall lie,

Nor waken even at victory's sound:—

But oh! how bless'd that hero's sleep,

O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."
—WALKER.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Air.—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

I.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost !

II.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die !—
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ? .

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Air.—*Thady, you Gander.*

I.

OH! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near! *
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,

* I believe it is Marmontel, who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

II.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there ;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're change-
able too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue !
Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Air. — — — — —

I.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd :
Oh ! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows, that made me more dear
to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and
scorn'd ;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd ;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were
slaves ;

Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from
thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less
pale!

They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering
chains,

That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile
stains—

Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul
subdue—

Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!*

 ON MUSIC.

 AIR.—*Banks of Banna.*

I.

WHEN through life unblest'd we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. PAUL, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

Should some notes, we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh how welcome breathes the strain !
Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept !

II.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath !

III.

Music!—oh ! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they ;

Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

AIR.—*The Sixpence.*

I.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
Through a life, by his loss all shaded ;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded !

II.

Oh ! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve
them ;

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them !
And, as buried saints have given perfume
To shrines where they've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying !

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR.—*Gage Fane.*

I.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for
thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who, often at eve, through the bright billow roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

II.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heaven look'd, with pity, on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form !

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the
same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the
frame ;

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright
rings,

Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings !*

IV.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;

Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay

To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away !

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.



NUMBER IV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Number of THE MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is very flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of this opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philip-

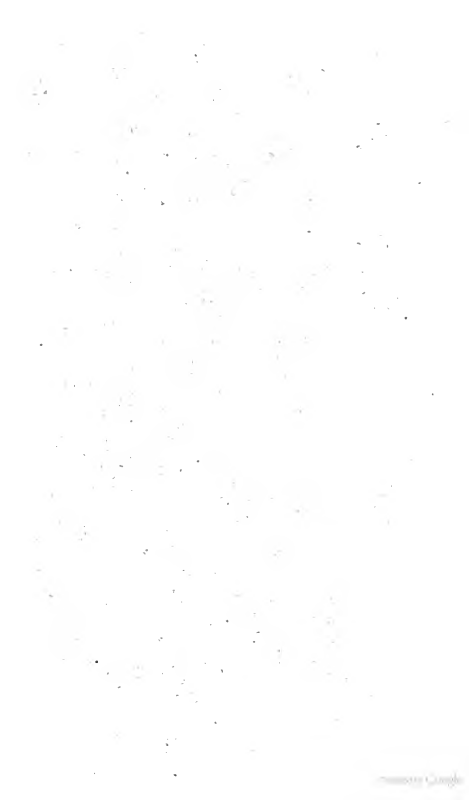
pics of CÍCERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached

the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young Dream*;" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.



IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. IV.  
~~~~~

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AIR.—*The Old Woman.*

I.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love!
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come.
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!

II.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name!

III.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first-love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

AIR.—*St. Patrick's Day.*

I.

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget
them,

And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in
showers ;

There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and bless'd than ours!

But, just when the chain

Has ceased to pain,

And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,

There comes a new link

Our spirit to sink—

Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,

Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;

But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,

We must light it up now on our Prince's Day.

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

II.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!

Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are
true ;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards who blight

Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,

The Standard of Green

In front would be seen—

Oh ! my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this
minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,

And show what the arm of old ERIN has in it,

When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded

In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget ;

And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,

And ERIN's gay jubilee shine out yet !

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last!—
And thus, ERIN, my country! though broken thou
art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR.—*The Song of Sorrow.*

I.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

II.

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name ;
When many a deed shall wake in praise
That now must sleep in blame !
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave.

III.

" 'Twas fate," they'll say, " a wayward fate
" Your web of discord wove ;
" And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
" You never join'd in love !
" But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
" And man profaned what God hath given,
" Till some were heard to curse the shrine.
" Where others knelt to Heaven !"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR.—*Nora Creina.*

I.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth !
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My NORA's lid, that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises !
Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear !
My gentle, bashful NORA CREINA !
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my NORA CREINA !

II.

LESBIA wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of Beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it !

Oh! my NORA's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases!
Yes, my NORA CREINA, dear!
My simple, graceful NORA CREINA!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my NORA CREINA!

III.

LESBIA hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my NORA's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear!
My mild, my artless NORA CREINA!
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my NORA CREINA!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR.—*Domhnall.*

I.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

II.

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

III.

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, MARY! *

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.†

AIR.—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

I.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er, §

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

† This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the County of Wicklow.

§ There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, etc.

Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint KEVIN stole to sleep.
“Here at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne’er shall find my bed.”
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

II.

’Twas from KATHLEEN’S eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish’d him her’s, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe’er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where’er he turn’d,
Still her eyes before him burn’d.

III.

On the bold cliff’s bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of Heaven, nor thinks that e’er
Woman’s smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor Heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:

Even now, while calm he sleeps,
KATHLEEN o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat ;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah ! your saints have cruel hearts !
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

GLENDALOUGH ! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle KATHLEEN's grave ;
Soon the saint (yet, ah ! too late)
Felt her love and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, " Heaven rest her soul ! "
Round the Lake light music stole ;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide !

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR.—Open the Door.

I.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

II.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

III.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR.—*Dennis, don't be threatening.*

I.

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The light of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me!
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

II.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds,
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
 Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR.—*Crooghan a Venee.*

I.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of ERIN *
 On him who the brave sons of USNA betray'd!—

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story, called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see vol. 1. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
 blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over CONOR's dark dwelling,*
 When ULAD's three champions lay sleeping in gore—†
 By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed;

terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

* "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."
 —Deirdri's Song.

† Ulster.

Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head !

IV.

Yes, monarch ! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall ;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affec-
tions,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

AIR.—*The Yellow Horse.*

I.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you !

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear !

II.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
 That he'll fly when sweets are gone;
 And, when once the kiss is over,
 Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
 If sunny banks *will* wear away,
 'Tis but right that bees and brooks
 Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

 LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

AIR.—*Cean Dubh Delish.*

I.

“ HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 “ Where angels of light o’er our orisons bend;
 “ Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 “ To Heaven in mingled odour ascend!
 “ Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
 “ So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 “ It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

II.

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
His laughing blue eyes now with piety glisten'd ;
His rosy wing turn'd to Heaven's own tint.
" Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
" That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
" His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

III.

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice ; to him all thy orisons rise ;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a
guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES
AND WOES.

AIR.—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

I.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep,—
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief that is sister to Joy,
And the short, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies!

II.

When HYLAS was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of
play,

Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have
tasted

The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine !
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fallen on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me !

* *Proposito florem prætulit officio.*—*Propert. lib. 1, eleg. 20.*



NUMBER V.



ADVERTISEMENT.

It is but fair to those who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three Volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan; and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from

the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the *Airs*, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and, though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,* yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry too would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the *Airs*, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial

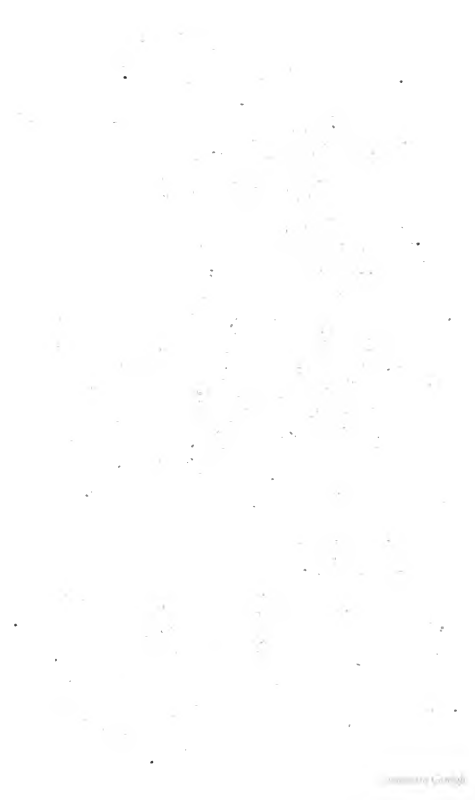
* Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld, from the diffidence I feel in reading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

attitude, "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find *Airs* as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble:—and they, who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not what are called curious *Airs*, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any really sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.



IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. V.  
~~~~~

OH, THE SHAMROCK !

~~~~~  
AIR.—*Alley Croker.*  
~~~~~

I.

THROUGH ERIN'S Isle
To sport awhile,
As LOVE and VALOUR wander'd,
With WIT, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd ;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass *

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock,

Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN'S native Shamrock!

II.

Says VALOUR, "See,
" They spring for me,
" Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says LOVE, "No, no,
" For *me* they grow,
" My fragrant path adorning!"—
But WIT perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries "Oh! do not sever
" A type that blends

in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

“ Three god-like friends,
“ LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever !”
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN’s native Shamrock !

III.

So, firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne’er may fall
One drop of gall
On WIT’s celestial feather !
May LOVE, as shoot
His flowers and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed ’em !
May VALOUR ne’er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom !
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN’s native Shamrock !

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR.—*Molly, my Dear.*

I.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life was warm in thine
eye,
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the regions
of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me
there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky !

II.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on
the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
rolls,
I think, oh, my love ! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom
of souls,*
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

* "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR.—*Moll Roe in the Morning.*

I.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But fill—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while

believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours;
And never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure.
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

III.

This evening, we saw the sun sinking
In waters his glory made bright—
Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
Should be like that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, fill up!—let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR.—*Groves of Blarney.*

I.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh !

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

III.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

 THE YOUNG MAY-MOON.

 AIR.—*The Dandy O!*

I.

THE young May-moon is beaming, love!
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!
 How sweet to rove
 Through MORNA's grove,*
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

* "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!

'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!

And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

II.

Now all the world is sleeping, love!

But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love!

And I, whose star,

More glorious far,

Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear!

The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear!

Or, in watching the flight

Of bodies of light,

He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

AIR.—*The Moreen.*

I.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
“One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
“One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

II.

THE Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said “No chains shall sully thee,
“Thou soul of love and bravery!
“Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
“They shall never sound in slavery!”

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF
BREFFNI.*

AIR.—*The pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

I.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind ;

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp, which she told me
Should shine when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

II.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead!—
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought*!
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of ERIN!—how fall'n is thy fame!

And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain !
But, onward !—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN !
On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE
OF OUR OWN!

Air.—*Sheela na Guira.*

I.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers ;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,

That the night only draws

A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give !

II.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there !

With affection, as free

From decline as the bowers,

And with Hope, like the bee,

Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,

And our death come on, holy and calm as the night !

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME
THE HOUR.

Arr.—*Moll Roone.*

I.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,

Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too bless'd, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

III.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR.—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

I.

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me doubt—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

II.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

AIR.—*Were I a Clerk.*

L

You remember ELLEN, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, WILLIAM, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till WILLIAM at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

* This Ballad was suggested by a well known and interesting Story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

II.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—
So, he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

III.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
For ELLEN is Lady of Rosna Hall!—
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What WILLIAM the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

AIR.—*The Rose-Tre*

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too ;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light !

II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

III.

And, though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round, in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!

NUMBER VI.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive indeed for discontinuing the Work, was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us ; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that, if we keep

to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

*Mayfield, Ashbourne,
March, 1815.*

IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. VI.  
~~~~~

COME O'ER THE SEA.

~~~~~  
AIR.—*Cuishlih ma Chree.*  
~~~~~

I.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows !
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not !
Then, come o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,

Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

II.

Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone ?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own !
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all Heaven around us !—
Then, come o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows !
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR.—*Sly Patrick.*

I.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

II.

HAS love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,

* Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,*
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee ?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away ?

IV.

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
When Sorrow herself looked bright ;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light ;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear ;—
Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* "The bird having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it: but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," etc.—*Arabian Nights*, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR.—*Luggelaw.*

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of Heaven is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR.—*O Patrick ! fly from me.*

I.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,

There shone such truth about thee,

And on thy lip such promise hung,

I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,

Still clung with hope the fonder,

And thought, though false to all beside,

From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go,—

The heart, whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low,

Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies named,

I fled th' unwelcome story ;

Or found, in even the faults they blamed,

Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends

Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;

The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee:
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever!

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee,
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR.—*Paddy Whack.*

I.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of ERIN stood weeping,
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed all the volume, her WELLINGTON's name!

II.

“ Hail, Star of my Isle ! ” said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy
skies ;—

“ Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
“ I’ve watch’d for some glory like thine to arise.

“ For, though Heroes I’ve number’d, unblest’d was
their lot,

“ And unhallow’d they sleep in the cross-ways of
Fame ;—

“ But, oh ! there is not

“ One dishonouring blot

“ On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON’S
name !

III.

“ Yet, still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,

“ The grandest, the purest even *thou* hast yet known ;

“ Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,

“ Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

“ At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast
stood,

“ Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—

“ And, bright o’er the flood

“Of her tears and her blood,
“Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON’S
name!”

THE TIME I’VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR.—*Peas upon a Trencher.*

I.

THE time I’ve lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In Woman’s eyes,
Has been my heart’s undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn’d the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were Woman’s looks,
And folly’s all they’ve taught me.

II.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,

Like him, the Sprite,*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me—
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

III.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk:—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnel) has given a very different account of that Goblin.

From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever !

WHERE IS THE SLAVE ?

AIR.—*Sios agus sios liom.*

I.

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it ?
Farewell, ERIN !—farewell all
Who live to weep our fall !

II.

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, ERIN!—farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR.—*Lough Sheeling.*

I.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

II.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and
shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or—perish there too !

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR.—*Savournah Deelish.*

I.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled !
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,

That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless ERIN ! o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the
world ;

When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*

Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid !

Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, ERIN ! from thee.

III.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing !

And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,

Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing

The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood !

Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,

Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,

Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian,

As first it arose, my lost ERIN ! on thee.

* " The Sun-burst " was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR.—*Miss Molly.*

I.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

II.

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from
us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best
light.

IV.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his
frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in
burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

ARR.—*Bob and Joan.*

I.

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care,
Smoothes away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions :—
So We, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!
Fill the bumper, etc.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
PROMETHEUS stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper, etc.

IV.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in :—
But oh his joy ! when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of BACCHUS lying.
Fill the bumper, etc.

V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure !
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper, etc.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY!

AIR.—*New Langoles.*

I.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee;
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,*
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

* In that rebellious but beautiful Song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep!"

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss BROOKE's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.



NUMBER VII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have been extended beyond the Six Numbers already published ; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our National Melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable), I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful

airs,* the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us near forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

IRISH MELODIES.

~~~~~  
No. VII.  
~~~~~

MY GENTLE HARP!

~~~~~  
AIR.—*The Coina, or Dirge.*  
~~~~~

I.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp! from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be ;

How gaily, eyen 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like MEMNON's broken image, sounding,
 'Mid desolation, tuneful still! *

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR.—*The Girl I left behind me.*

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us!

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
 Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us !

III.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this
With some we've left behind us !

IV.

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR.—*The little Harvest Rose.* .:

I.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may :—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so
high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love nursed among Pleasures is faithless as they,
But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true !

III.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about ;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;—
And, even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears !

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR.—*Limerick's Lamentation.*

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came

The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame

From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.

O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,

'Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled

On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would
rise,

And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.

As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,

At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,

He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR.—*Castle Tirowen.*

I.

REMEMBER thee ! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and
free—

First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

III.

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose, hearts like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATHE THE BOWL.

AIR.—*Noran Kista.*

I.

WREATHE the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

II.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows :—
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid !
So, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

III.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime

Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rs Heaven to-night
And leave dull earth behind us!

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Air.—*Father Quinn.*

I.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling-eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,

As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a Heaven so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

II.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind !
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again !

IF THOUL'T BE MINE.

AIR.—*The winnowing Sheet.*

I.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet ;

Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love !

II.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love !

III.

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills—
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

IV.

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells ;
That Heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he *will*—if thou wilt be mine, love !

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR.—*Fague a Ballagh.*

I.

To Ladies' Eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but given, they seem but given,
As splendid beacons solely,
To light to Heaven, to light to Heaven.

While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—

With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them !)

The other way, the other way.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy,

Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

III.

In some, as in a mirror,

Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,

'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.

Himself has fix'd his dwelling

In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,

So here they go ! so here they go !

Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,

Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR.—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

I.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope they cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,

Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR.—*Noch bonin shin doe.*

I.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing
 them,*

They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.†
 But, though they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in Heaven's blue sea,
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
 Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

† La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Ib.*

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could
spare.

Oh ! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to SATURN'S comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME !

AIR.—*Name Unknown.*

I.

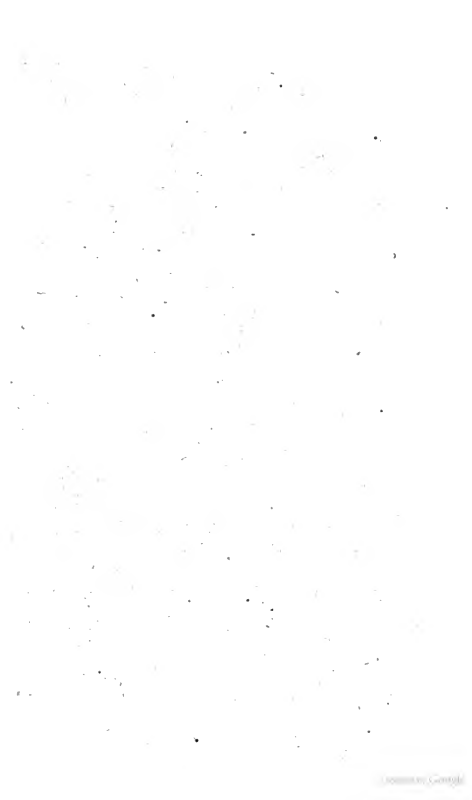
OH for the swords of former time !
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them !
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,

The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time !
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them !

II.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them !
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them !

NUMBER VIII.



IRISH MELODIES.

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No. VIII.  
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NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

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AIR.—*My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone.*  
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I.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like LESBIA's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.

Then fill the cup—what is it to us

How Time his circle measures?

The fairy hours we call up thus

Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

II.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,

Till Care, one summer's morning,

Set up among his smiling flowers

A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,

As long as its light was glowing,

Than to watch with old Care how the shadow
stole on,

And how fast that light was going.

So fill the cup—what is it to us

How Time his circle measures?

The fairy hours we call up thus

Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR.—*The Humming of the Ban.*

I.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
“ Though death beneath our smile may be,
“ Less cold we are, less false than they
“ Whose smiling wreck’d thy hopes and thee.”

II.

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more ;
The stormiest sea’s a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet—
Then rest thee bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

AIR.—*I would rather than Ireland.*

I.

YES, sad one of SION*—if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the "same cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

II.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."†

III.

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—Jer. xv. 9.

IV.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"*
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the
 morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden
 City †
 Had brim'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

VII.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,

* "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—Isaiah lxii. 4.

† "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased."
 —Isaiah xiv. 4.

And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover—*
The Lady of Kingdoms† lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR.—*Paddy O' Rafferty.*

I.

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
of it.

Send round the cup—for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—

* "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . and the worms cover thee."—Isaiah xiv. 11.

† "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."
—Isaiah xlviii. 5.

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

II.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There, having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest
weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—

Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless
and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in
• Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

AIR.—*Open the Door softly.*

I.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
To young maiden, shining as newly.

II.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me ;
These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

III:

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him,
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

IV.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

V.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

VI.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

AIR.—*Plough Tune.*

I.

OH, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the
light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like
men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot, where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie
dead?

II.

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.
But, oh! thus even in death,
So sweet is still the breath

Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd
 o'er,
 That, ere condemn'd we go
 To freeze 'mid HECLA'S* snow,
 We would taste it awhile; and dream we live once
 more!

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.†

ARR.—*The little and great Mountain.*

I.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,

* Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

† The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donobue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the

Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

II.

Of all the smooth lakes, where daylight leaves
His lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dear to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

III.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still with the first young glance of spring
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.

IV.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane* curls,
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

V.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May-evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

ECHO.

AIR.—*The Wren.*

I.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

II.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

III.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breathed back again!

OH BANQUET NOT.

AIR.—*Planxty Irwine.*

I.

OH banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts—but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears—
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years—
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

II.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

THEE, 'THEE, ONLY THEE.

AIR.—*The Market-Stake.*

I.

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

II.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee; thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

III.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells that nought on earth can break,
Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT ?

Ans.—*Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

I.

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first, where the last of her Patriots lies?

II.

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
cross'd,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost !*

III.

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

IV.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time !—

V.

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

VI.

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the
source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,

* It is only these two first verses, that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown.

VII.

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that
shone through
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

VIII.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the
crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which
bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

IX.

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,*
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might
come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

* Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by
Ovid:—"Deposuit radios propriusque accedere jussit."

X.

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory,
through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same.

XI.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

XII.

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
Deep, deep, o'er the grave, where such glory is
shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR.—*Planxty Sudley.*

I.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

II.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether

His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever ;
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever !
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing !

NATIONAL AIRS.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is CICERO, I believe, who says "*natura ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of PLATO, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National

Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * *

T. M.

NUMBER I.



NATIONAL AIRS.

~~~~~  
No. I.  
~~~~~

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

~~~~~  
*Spanish Air.*  
~~~~~

I.

“ A TEMPLE to Friendship,” said Laura, enchanted,
“ I’ll build in this garden,—the thought is divine !”
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called,
“ La Statue de l’Amitié.”

II.

“ Oh ! never,” she cried, “ could I think of enshrining
“ An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim ;
“ But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
“ We’ll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him.”
So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :
“ Farewell,” said the sculptor, “ you’re not the first
maiden
“ Who came but for Friendship and took away Love.”

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

I.

Flow on, thou shining river ;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella’s bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o’er thee.
And tell her thus, if she’ll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

II.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

I.

ALL that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall ;—
The flower that drops in springing ;—
These, alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

II.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking ?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

I.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter even I could not tell—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;
Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

II.

The first was like day-break—new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain ;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

AIR.—*The Bells of St. Petersburg.*

I.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

II.

Those joyous hours are past away!
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

III.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air.

I.

* SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ;—

II.

Oh ! 'tis then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

* The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the air.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

I.

REASON, FOLLY, and BEAUTY, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day :
 FOLLY play'd
 Around the maid,
The bell of his cap rung merrily out ;
 While REASON took
 To his sermon-book—
Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

II.

BEAUTY, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to REASON's dull page,
 Till FOLLY said,
 “ Look here, sweet maid ! ”—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself ;
 While REASON read
 His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

III.

Then REASON grew jealous of FOLLY's gay cap ;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—

“ There it is,”

Quoth FOLLY, “ old quiz !”

But REASON the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That BEAUTY now liked him still less than before ;

While FOLLY took

Old REASON's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *Ton*,

That BEAUTY vow'd

(Though not aloud),

She liked him still better in that than his own !

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE !

Sicilian Air.

I.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one !

Lovely still, but dear no more ;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
 Could scarce have thus deceived ;
But eyes that acted truth so well
 Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

II.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
 True as stars they keep their light ;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
 Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
 The blame of falsehood lies ;
Love lives in every other part,
 But there, alas ! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER ?

Portuguese Air.

I.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs ?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes ?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part !

II.

* And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest—
“ My life, my only life !” among the rest ;
In those sweet accents that still inthral me,
Thou saidst “ Ah ! wherefore thy life thus call me ?
“ Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best ;
“ For life soon passes, but how bless'd to be
“ That Soul which never, never parts from thee !”

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

OH ! COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

I.

Oh ! come to me when daylight sets ;
Sweet ! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Oh ! come to me when daylight sets ;
Sweet ! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

II.

Oh ! then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet ! like thee and me ;
When all's so calm below, above,
In Heaven and o'er the sea.

When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,*
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

I.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,

* Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise.—ROUSSEAU, *Dictionnaire de Musique*.

The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

II.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

I.

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing,
O'er the waters soft and clear ;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Jubilate, Amen.

Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear,
Jubilate, Amen.

II.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along ;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Amen.

Hush ! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along,
Jubilate, Amen.



NUMBER II.

NATIONAL AIRS.

~~~~~  
No. II.  
~~~~~

LOVE AND HOPE.

~~~~~  
*Swiss Air.*  
~~~~~

I.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
 Young Hope and Love reclined ;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
 And left poor Hope behind.

II.

“ I go,” said Love, “ to sail awhile
 “ Across this sunny main ; ”
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
 Believed he'd come again.

III.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay,
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

IV.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves!
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's.

V.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd:
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

VI.

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain,
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again!

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

I.

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond ;
Oh ! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.
There comes a time, etc.

II.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night ;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.
Oh ! there comes a time, etc.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

Swedish Air.

I.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string ;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

II.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own,
Though thou art oft so full of pain
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

OH! NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

I.

Oh! no—not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art ;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow ;
And, though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now !

II.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow ;
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh ! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

I.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou ro'v'st ;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way !
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly !

II.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath !
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

I.

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreathe my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, etc.

II.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying,
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him,
T'other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, etc.

III.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river ;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever ;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it !
While I touch the string, etc.

IV.

How the wise one smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current !
Sense went home to bed ;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river !
While I touch the string, etc.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Old English Air.

I.

THEN, fare thee well ! my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love ! the pain of
parting thus !

II.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love ! the deep,
deep pain of this !

III.

But no, alas ! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love ! and chased it
all away !

IV.

Yet, e'en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love ! than years
of mirth apart !

V.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets !
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love ! like them
in tears it sets !

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Maltese Air.

I.

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

Oh ! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

II.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh ! then, how sweet to say
Into the loved one's ear, .
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

III.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play !
Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

Languedocian Air.

I.

Love is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his nets of joy
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie—
Love tracks them every where ;
In vain aloft they fly—
Love shoots them flying there.

II.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase.
And most he loves through snow
To trace those footsteps fair,
For then the boy doth know
None track'd before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

I.

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs ;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings !
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
The brightest and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

II.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh ! think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now !
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light—
Then lost for evermore.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

Portuguese Air.

I.

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us—
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us.
Hearts beating, at meeting,
Tears starting, at parting;
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

I.

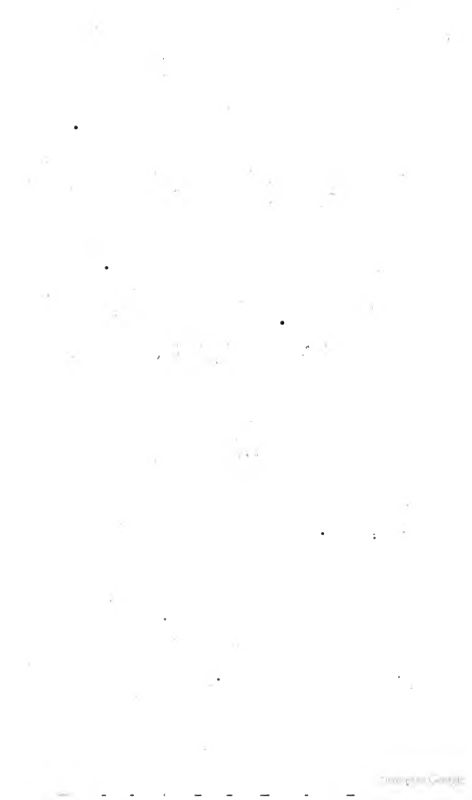
HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave,
Of joys now lost and charms now fled.

II.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?



NUMBER III.



NATIONAL AIRS.

~~~~~  
No. III.

~~~~~  
WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

~~~~~  
*Swedish Air.*  
~~~~~

I.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

II.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath—
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there ;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

III.

But Love didn't know—and at his weak years
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
That fountain which murmur'd below.

IV.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

V.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day,
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

Sicilian Air.

I.

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea or air,

Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare !
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas ! gone by,
When I loved each hour—I scarce knew whom,—
And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

II.

Ay, those were days when life had wings,
And flew—oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light ;
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS !

Welch Air.

I.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.

Those by death or seas removed,
Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou'st ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee !

II.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest ;
Still the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that life had given ;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven !

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

I.

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead—
At length my dream is over,
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled !
Farewell ! since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see,—

Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

II.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed !
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead !
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh,
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

I.

O'ER mountains bright with snow and light,
We Crystal Hunters speed along,
While grots and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song ;
And, when we meet with stores of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.

O'er mountains bright with snow and light,
We Crystal Hunters speed along,
While grotts and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

II.

No lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies ;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains, etc.

III.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way ;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains, etc.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

I.

Row gently here, my gondolier; so softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear, but hers to whom
we glide.

Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well as starry eyes
to see,

Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell of wand'ring
youths like me!

II.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier; hush, hush, for up
I go,

To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou keep'st
watch below.

Ah! did we take for Heaven above but half such pains
as we

Take day and night for woman's love, what Angels we
should be!

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

I.

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whisp'ring of joys that yet remain—
No, no, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

II.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me—
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh! it is that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

I.

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
Oh! what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream, ne'er dream of summer
skies,
Of golden fruit and harvests springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

II.

Where now are all those fondly-promised hours?
Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness,
Fading as fast as rainbows or day-flowers,
Or ought that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
Must be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
Even while he kneels that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS !

Catalonian Air.

I.

PEACE to the slumberers !

They lie on the battle-plain
With no shroud to cover them ;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.

II.

Vain was their bravery !

The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wintry river ;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas ! for ever.

III.

Woe to the conqueror !

Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us !

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

I.

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—
Oh! then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh.

II.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown aside
When past the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS ?

Portuguese Air.

I.

HYMEN late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling :
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ?

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ?”

Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded !

II.

Maids, who now first dream'd of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying ;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him ;—

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ?

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ?”—

All at that sweet cry assembled ;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

III.

“ Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, “ of Love’s own making ;
“ Here are gold ones—you may trust ’em”—
(These, of course, found ready custom).

“ Come buy my love-knots !

“ Come buy my love-knots !

“ Some are labell’d ‘ Knots to tie men’—

“ ‘ Love the maker’—‘ Bought of Hymen.’ ”

IV.

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, “ We’re cheated !

“ See these flowers—they’re drooping sadly ;

“ This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—

“ Who’d buy such love-knots ?

“ Who’d buy such love-knots ?

“ Even this tie, with Love’s name round it—

“ All a sham—He neyer bound it.”

V.

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh’d, but for good-breeding ;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—

“ Take back our love-knots !

“ Take back our love-knots !”—

Coolly said, “ There’s no returning

“ Wares on Hymen’s hands—Good morning !”

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

Sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

I.

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking o’er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking, hails the sight !

See, those groups of Angels, winging from the realms
above,

On their sunny brows from Eden bringing wreaths of
Hope and Love.

II.

Hark—their hymns of glory pealing through the air,
To mortal ears revealing who lies there !

In that dwelling, dark and lowly, sleeps the heavenly
Son,

He, whose home is in the skies,—the Holy One !

NUMBER IV.



NATIONAL AIRS.

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No. IV.  
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NETS AND CAGES.

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*Swedish Air.*  
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I.

COME, listen to my story,
While your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen,
While your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

II.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
Ere caught so much small game :
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
When Cloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, neat Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

III.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task ;
But mark how things went on :
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone !
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

IV.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,

One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever ;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
'Tis wiser to make Cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply.—
May all who hear, like Susan smile,
Ah ! not like Cloe sigh !

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

Venetian Air.

I.

WHEN through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

II.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
“ Our bark, love, is near :
“ Now, now, while there hover
“ Those clouds o'er the moon,
“ 'Twill waft thee safe over
“ Yon silent Lagoon.”

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

I.

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour never flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies !

II.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
But, ah ! never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes at your meeting return.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

I.

TAKE hence the bowl ; though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh ! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

II.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by—
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die !
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

FAREWELL, THERESA !

Venetian Air.

I.

FAREWELL, Theresa ! that cloud which over
Yon moon this moment gathering we see,
Shall scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

II.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow ;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee ;
Oh ! think how changed, love, how changed art thou
now !

III.

But here I free thee : like one awaking
From fearful slumber, this dream thou'lt tell ;
The bright moon her spell too is breaking,
Past are the dark clouds ; Theresa, oh farewell !

HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

Savoyard Air.

I.

How oft, when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
“ Oh! come, my love!” each note it utters seems to say,
“ Oh! come, my love! the night wears fast away!”
No, ne’er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion’s language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

II.

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell,
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
“ I come, my love!” each sound they utter seems to say,
“ I come, my love! thine, thine till break of day.”

Oh! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him.

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

German Air.

I.

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and him!

II.

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander,
While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

French Air.

I.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes with earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst
The earliest wither too !

Ay—'tis all but a dream, etc.

II.

By friendship we oft are deceived,
And find the love we clung to past ;
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web in the leaves the spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men ;
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, etc.

TIS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

Italian Air.

I.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true,
That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus ;
For him but *two* bright eyes were shining—
See what numbers are sparkling for us !

II.

When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
And on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb even a saint from his dreams.
Though this life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
While the grape on its bank still is growing,
And such eyes light the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Neapolitan Air.

I.

WHERE shall we bury our shame?

Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name

Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,

Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,

Die as we may, will live on.

II.

Was it for this we sent out

Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout

Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves,

Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
Do you not, e'en in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Mahratta Air.

I.

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools ;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the sunshine of the table ;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

II.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water,—
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter !
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh ! none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her !

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD !

Highland Air.

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell,
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear !
Sleep—sleep—alike unheeded now ;
Sleep, mute Bard ! unheeded now.
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow ;—
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay ;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away !

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